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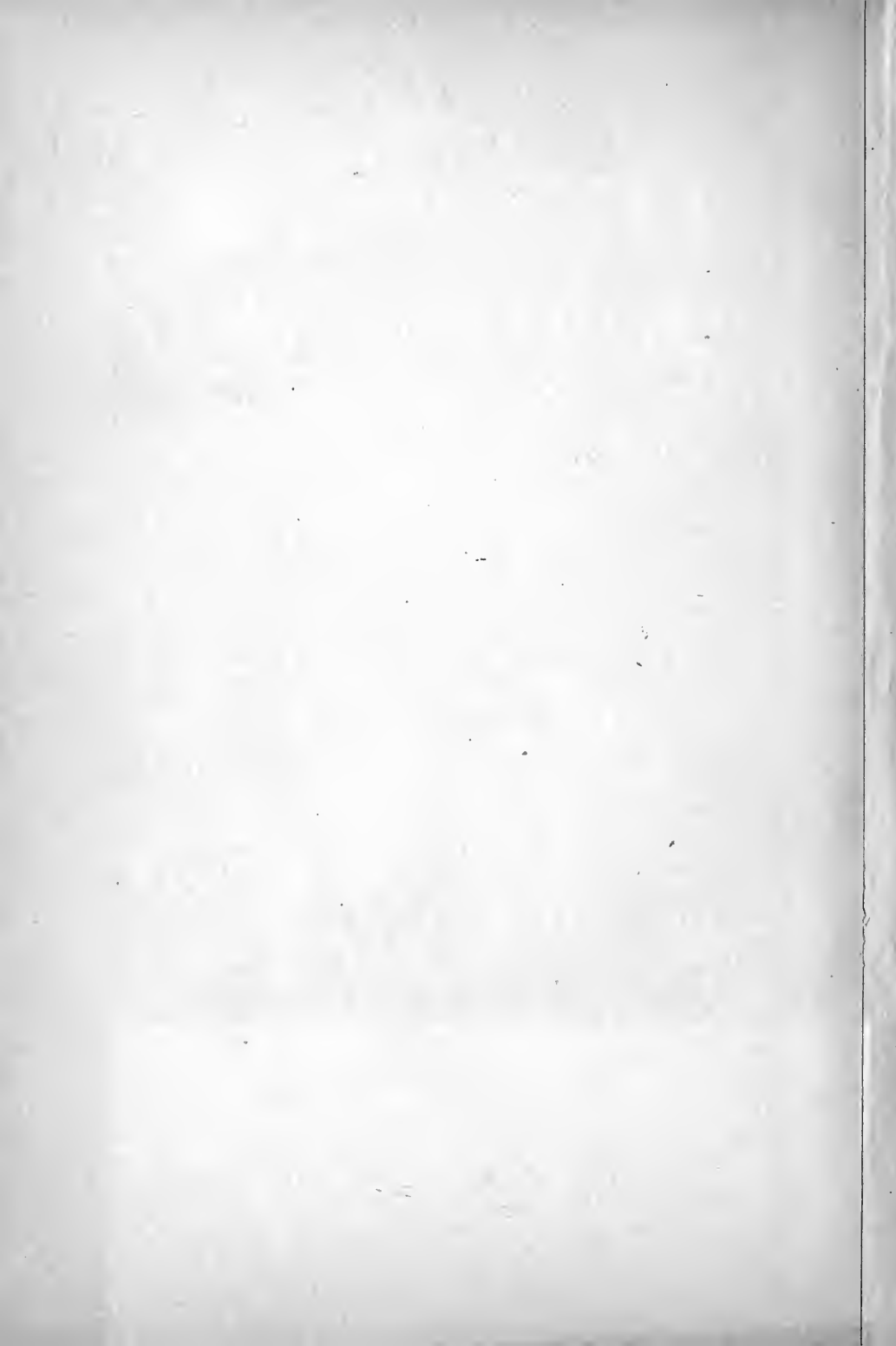
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No. 11.

THE PALM DOVE'S SONG





207
1776

THE PALM DOVE'S SONG.




Ford, Mrs. Edna C. Hillyer

Los Angeles, R. Y. Mc Bride printer

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Edna Hillyer Ford.

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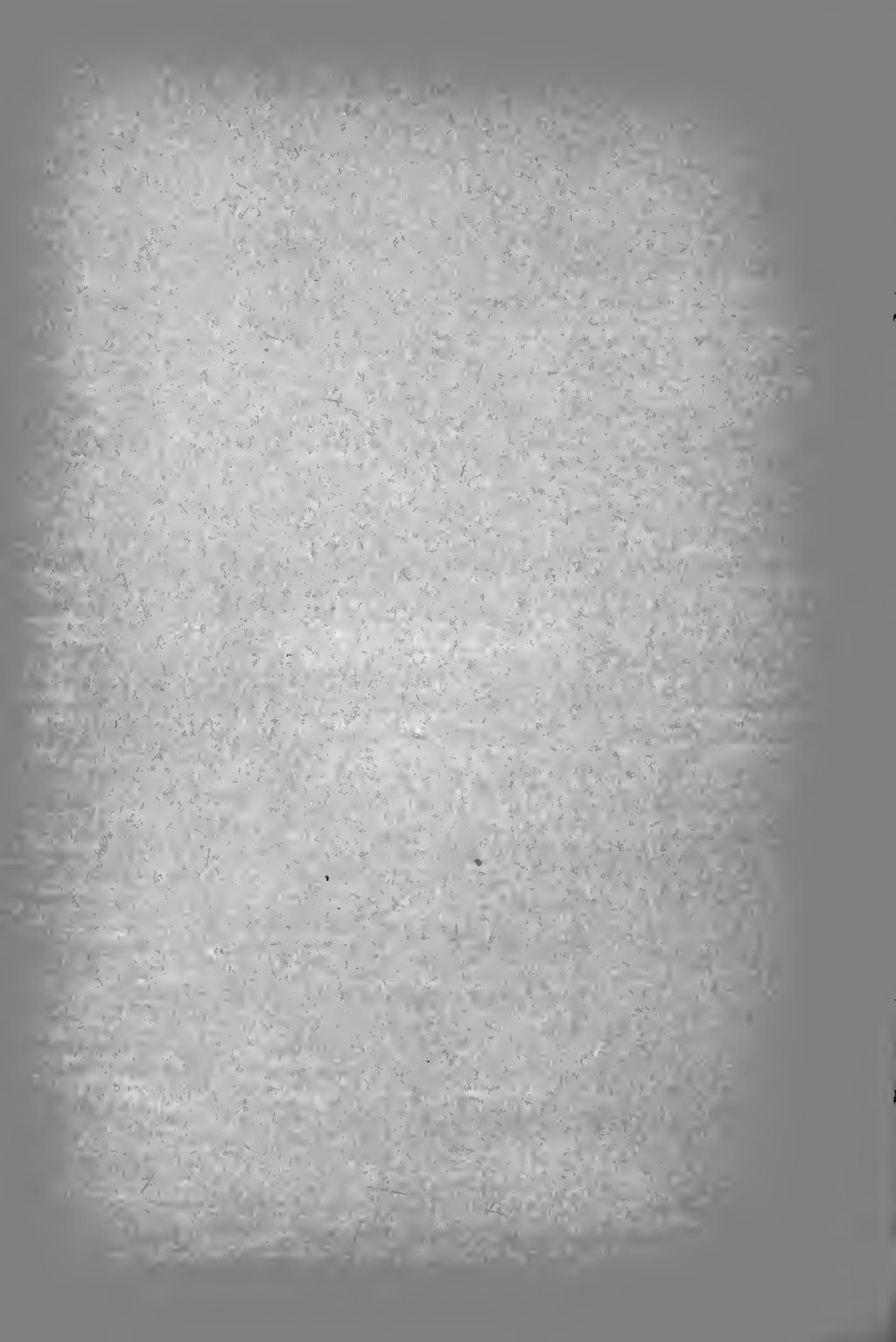
SLEEPY MOCKING BIRD'S SONG.

EPILOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

The world of men, in truth ;
 Too busy is ;
The world of books, too full
 Of heresies ;
The world of thought, does deal
 In specialties ;
 “What shall we do?”

Believe the best, of course,
 Of busy man ;
Seek the foundation-stone,
 In every plan ;
The light has run in lines
 Since time began.
 “To God be true.”



**THE
DOVE'S IDENTITY.**

SONG.

The Palm Dove flew from Paradise,
And with him flew his mate,
Their hearts were bound with the life of Man,
And bound with his, their fate.

Mankind went forth from Paradise,
But was with life content;
The Doves flew fast the earth around,
They were with message sent.

The Man thought not of Eden-land,
Shut out from all its bloom;
And in the cares of earthly life,
Forgot his first, best home.

A Palm Dove came to Man again
Its message all untold;
And Man knew not, and the Dove forgot
The need of the message old.

The Man wrought hard success to win,
The Dove did mute remain;
Until the time of the telling was,
It could not sing again;

As frightened child on errand sent,
 Each time it tried to tell
 Some angel seemed to hush its voice,
 Or demon, sent from Hell;

At last, again it caught the thought
 And then flew near and far;
 But no one heeding when it spoke,
 Its message told in air.

One soul alone caught what it told;
 "It shall sing again," said he,
 "It shall see the face of Him it loves,
 "And Man from sin help free."

"It shall know the power of Sin is gone;
 "And, Man redeemed again,
 "It then in Paradise shall rest,
 "And sing o'er Eden's plain."

O ye, to whom some message's given,
 Tho' long delayed it be;
 Work on, and strive, and speak, and live,
 Gain Heaven's eternity.

RECITATIVE.
THE DOVE'S GENEALOGY
AND MISSION.

RECITATIVE.

Of what my father knew he told
To me the part his father told
To him; we tell not all, nor can
 We sing 'til Man has heard
And us believed.

 We are the Doves;
We sailed in air
Before we sailed with Noah in
The flood; and there was Man near lost,
And with him lost our souls, but for
 Our gracious deed.

 When Noah
Sent the raven out it went
And staid; but we
Brought back to him a branch of hope,
And with its fair freshness, new life
And hope, and love.

 Since then, not once,
 But oft a Dove ransom
Has paid for Man, who, ransomed now
And once for all,
Must know that by himself he fell
And seek to rise, by self, if he
Must needs, or learns he has a soul
 Which calls for God; for, "By
The Grace of God" the wise will rise
Toward perfectness.

RECITATIVE.
THE MAN ALONE IN
EDEN.

RECITATIVE.

The Man was placed in Eden, just
Before the rock whereon we perched,
And there he lay.

Awaked, he sat,
Then rising upright, stood,
And wondering seemed of how, and why,
And where he'd come;

He looked about, gazed at the sun,
Its blue he saw, blotting it out
With both his hands;

He sank to Earth
And rested there, upon
A mound of sand. He looked upon
The Earth, and then
Upon his feet and hands,

Spread out
Before him his long arms, then gazed
From finger-tips out toward a lake

Which lay beyond; there first
He saw the azure sky mirrored
For him, lest he
Should fail to look above.

So new
To Man was all, he did not know
All else was old but he, the last
And least creation; small
Indeed, but seeking reasons how,
And whence, and why
He'd come, and whither he would go.

In bliss and ignorance he sat,
 Nor knew his Maker had a right;—
 Since He Himself knew life
 From span to span; one perfect soul
 T' enclose in clay.

* * * * * * *

Afar we heard the trumpetings
 Of elephants;
 The Man, too, heard;
 He turned about, and watched their slow
 And stately march.

 When him
 They saw, they swerving came, and formed
 About the Man
 A semi-circle, vast and dark,
 And halted for a sign;

 Then Adam
 Arose and stood, while with his new-
 Found hands unconsciously
 He made a sign to those great beasts;
 With his thin wrists
 And helpless hands he'd spoke to them
 Unwittingly.

 Approached toward him
 The stately leader of the herd;
 Its mighty frame before
 The Man kneeling, rested upon
 The trembling earth.
 The Man stepped lightly forth, drew near
 The beast, and lightly sate upon
 Its neck;

 Slowly the pondrous beast
 Swayed to its feet, and stood;
 Stately it stood, leader of all
 Its kind;

 Upon
 Its neck, and with it; raised Mankind
 Above the level of all beasts
 As had been its command. It gave

A signal, at which sign
 The great herd parted; then appeared
 The second in size
 To it; which stood in place, facing
 The Man, who intent viewed them all.

Instant each trunk arose, and waved
 In air; instant a sound
 Of trumpetings from them proclaimed
 Aloud to Heaven
 Man recognized by them as lord,
 And by them loved.

 From that time forth
 The Man and herd were friends; the wise
 And gentle leader or
 His mate, Adam's guardians; they went
 And came with him.

Life then was new, the man content.
 The Sun by day its rays cast down,
 Adam lived within its light; trees leaned
 Toward him, upon him cast
 Blossoms and fruit.

 He picked the leaves,
 Spreading them out
 Upon the sand; he placed those most
 Alike in clust'ring rows.

 The husks
 He took of palmetto, and coarse
 Grass wove like them, so like
 It seemed.

 With vines he bound long rolls
 Of woven grass
 Together like a mat; with moss
 He padded it, then on the back
 Of elephant bound fast with ropes
 Of pliant vines; at last
 He had a rude howdah, fit for
 A king;

In it

He lay, and rode about, alert
 To all that came in sight by dawn ;
 In safety lay through darkest night ;
 Dread night, dread Moon, whose oft
 Changing made him afraid ; and left
 Him so ;

For her

He longed, but knew she was the Sun's
 Fair mate ; the Sun's alone, not Man's ;
 The Sun seemed friend, likewise the trees ;
 Also the beasts which came
 From out the woods and jungles dense
 To gaze on Man.
 In turn he them surveyed.

When each

One passed the Man, he spake to it,
 And thus its name was fixed for time ;
 Some habit, mark, or sign,
 Some fancied likeness, called Man's thought
 In speech from out
 His lips.

 He beasts observed, and all
 Their ways like his ; they ate, they slept,
 They walked, they ran,—not slowly trode
 Like elephants, which beasts
 Were gone, at times, for days, and then
 Adam felt alone.

One beast beside, Man saw,

A beast

Most strange, walking upright, like him ;
 This beast had wings, which, like great leaves,
 Closed and unclosed themselves ;
 As if at will they rose and fell
 Like wings of bats ;
 This entertained the Man, and in
 The hot mid-day these wings gave forth
 A breeze which soothed and fanned the Man,

And kept him close beside
The courteous beast.

As for this great,
This gorgeous beast,
This dragon-crocodile; we do
Not know; we cannot tell what joy
Filled all its heart; what dreams, what soft
And timid flutt' rings rose
As Adam touched its leathry sides,
So cool and moist.

All other beasts, with this, and his
Great elephants, seemed like hugh toys
To Man, so diverse from their kind
Was he.

The fan-winged beast
He liked, and oft had Adam, seated
Upon its head,
The surface of the lake skimmed o'er
Watching the fish that nimbly swam
The sparkling waves, waves blue as sky
Above.

Of beasts, the two
Which most amused the Man, were tall
Giraffes, which in
The trees above Man's easy reach
Could thrust their heads about, and pick
The ripened fruits and nuts for him;—

And bears unwieldy, in
Whose furry coats he hid his hands;
They, too, were friends.

Upon their backs, so broad and soft,
He often sat, and stroked their curly
Fur; he often lay beside

Them when he slept; when cold,
On sunny side; when shone the sun,
He lay upon
The side where fell the shade; Man had
So many friends.

Above the beasts
 Were other friends; the Sun, the Moon,
 Serene, oft changing Moon
 Which menaced him when risen, when gone,
 Man, terrified,
 Crept close to elephant or bear
 And loved to hear them breathe; these, with
 Himself—upon the coming of
 The radiant, rising Sun
 Saluted it, each his own way.
 Then all us birds
 Sang joyously. Those were the days
 When peace on earth was here, and all
 The noisy crowd of boys was not,
 With war of gun and stick,
 And stone; such tranquil days I would
 See Eden again.

When high the sun arose, a weight
 Over great crocodile seemed thrown;—
 A weight of sleep, heavy as lead.

 Its first sleep o'er, then oft
 Waked it, to see the man was safe,
 Then closed—content—
 Its three eyelids, in haste to dream
 Its dreams again, or lose itself
 In sleep.

 This beast was named "Satan,"
 And it loved Man; loved him
 With all its heart, and him alone
 Of all that lived.
 Great joy the Man gave it; one touch
 Of Man's warm hand upon its side,
 Its leath'ry side, made ripples—run
 To mountain waves of joy—
 Flow fast from tipmost snout and tail
 Back to its heart,
 Its beastly heart, and out again.
 It clasped its wing upon the spot

The Man had touched to keep it warm;
 Its flattened, heavy head
 It trembling waved from side to side
 In rapturous
 Delight.

 The Man was its one chance
 For Heaven, and him it loved. So passed
 The equal days and nights, and Adam
 Was listless, then, perchance,
 Industrious. Daily he bathed;
 And bathed in state;

Great elephants bathed first within
 The margin of the lake, then stood
 The herd with look intent, while from
 The lake the leader of
 The herd approached the waiting Man
 And—none too gently—
 Sprayed him well with water from
 His trunk; the Man would catch his breath,
 And jump about until he'd bathed
 Enough; with hands, or in
 The sand he'd dry himself, then run
 Lightly beside
 The elephant;

 The herd, alert,
 Then raised on high their trunks, and gave
 Salute to Man, their leader's king.

 From elephant to bird
 Each living friend of Man's seemed bound,
 From common cause,
 By law inviolate, one of
 Its kind to choose from all the rest
 As special one, from thence to be
 Its own; to live, and eat,
 And rest by it.

 Such mate had not
 The crocodile

Beelzebul, whom Adam found
 Beside the lake, sunning itself ;
 An insect large it seemed,
 Alike to man in this,
 They were unlike each creature else ;
 No bond but this
 Existed then, and Satan thought
 No jealous thought.

 Then was invent
 An attribute of earthly mould,
 "Platonic love," and it
 The ~~S~~erpent felt ; no cause had it
 For jealousy.

Most gladly staid the crocodile
 Beside the margin of the lake
 Where it had found, unvexed, secure,
 A tranquil resting-place.

Since it, from Heaven cast out, had made
 A resting place,—
 Apart from those who'd fallen with it ;
 Its eyes the heinousness of Sin
 Had seen, and lost its love for it,
 And for the baleful train
 Which followed in its track
 And brought no joy.
 For Sin no love Adam bore, he had
 Not seen its form, nor all its foul,
 Fetid and fatal loathsomeness ;
 Beast Satan had ;—and Hell
 Once left, with all its brood of Sins,
 The great beast's deathless soul ;—
 For it had chosen to be a beast
 In look (tho' not in fact) t' escape
 The place, nor once again endure
 The sweet and sickly stench
 Of Sin's vile wiles ;—his soul—for whoso

Has a soul
 Is him or her—loathed Sin's embrace.
 Once out of Hell, and free, he staid;
 But left the gates of Hell unclosed;
 And inwardly they swing,
 And ever inward swing and yawn
 For whoso comes.

O'er birds Sin has no power, but this
 We know; Hell freely lets men in
 But never out.

 There is no need
 That Hell should hold the one
 Repentant one, since men are found
 To willingly
 Take up his work.

 These with great zest,
 And in apparent glee, carry
 It on for sake of gain, nor care
 Who falls, nor what befalls
 Themselv's; nor care their wives, children,
 Nor worldly friends,
 Until too late they find they've made
 Themselv's within Hell's flames; horrid
 And endless flames,—a place of woe

 Like that they made on earth
 For wives and babes, and hungry men
 Unhoused, unfed,
 No need of "chiefs" in Hell, since these
 Do work for Hell, and take their hire
 In coin, and pay again into.

 Town treasuries license
 To sin. The license does not say "Thou must
 For us then, lose
 Thy soul." By their free will they bind
 Themselves by name, that there be no
 Mistake, and sell they do, of that
 Which makes of Man a beast.

A curse rings in their ears, the noise

Receach points to Death—not eternal punishment for

Of which they'd stop
 With fire, and have it done, if they
 But could; but no, the mete they on
 Earth meted out, shall be their share
 In Hell, where wealth, so gained,
 Can buy no ease; so they in vain
 In torment moan,
 And weep, and rage; knowing at last
 That what is gained by helping Sin
 To rule the Earth, is lost when weighed
 In balance with a mind
 Which justly suffers for the woes
 It helped create.

Adam could not know of this, but we
 Have learned it since. Adam was a child,
 Childlike his way seemed clear, from day
 To day was spread before
 Him all the world, his world, and this
 Sufficient was.

On elephant he rode about,
 And when he liked, he staid at home.
 The tall giraffe oft plucked him fruit
 Placed high beyond his reach.
 Once Adam essayed to climb for fruit,
 We birds did laugh.
 From passing drooping boughs Adam wit
 From trial had learned; he coiled his hair
 About his head in many folds
 And pinned with thorns, when he
 Began to climb; arrived on high
 He downward fell;
 But for a lock of hair which caught
 Upon a branch, full to the ground
 He'd gone; the branch he clutched, and firm
 Footing upon a branch
 Below.

Then stood the Man aloft,

A branch above,
 A branch below ; himself held fast.
 So stood he there, and thought, and then
 Plucked out with his free hand, and hair

By hair, the lock which held
 Secure from farther fall, a Man
 Both sad and wise.

This done, he clambered downward to
 His grave old elephant, who laid
 Moist, cooling leaves upon the wound.

When Adam again began
 To climb, he was held fast by trunk
 Inflexible.

At home, down from the woods the bears
 Arrived ; upon their backs were stored
 Sweet honey-combs ;

Their friend they thus
 Remembered when they
 Returned. Far in the rocks these tame
 And cunning bears
 Had found stored up, and brought away
 The glorious honey-combs.

Of this
 They'd eat their fill at once,—the bees
 Came not, and—satisfied—
 They thought of Adam, or lazily
 Had brought some home.
 The bees flew not in Eden, they lived
 Outside ; and stored, without a thought
 Of theft, their treasure-cells within
 The rocks or trees.

Adam loved
 The sweet and blossom-scented food ;
 He laid his face
 Close, close beside the bear's, and growled
 And hummed like it ; and clasped its neck,
 Its shaggy neck, with both his arms

And thought aloud, "When next
 "A little bear appears, I'll have

"It for my mate,

"We then will go and find the honey

"For ourselves, and stay away."

The other creatures that he touched
Were young of birds.

He watched
Their nests and fed the young with fruits
And nuts ground fine
Between his teeth.

He watched the nests
Of birds, and if in tree-leaves hid
His elephant would hold the lithe
And swaying branches down,
Or patiently would wait, while Adam
Stood secure for hours
Upon its pachydermous back,
And watched the nest; the eggs he'd count,
One, three; five, six; he knew at sight.

He touched the eggs, and dropped
Them, too. To him it was a most
Intense surprise
That pebbles from a tree should break,
And forth should spill their contents out,
Strange, strange indeed; beyond the facts
He'd learned; nor could he them
Repair; in vain he tried his best,
There seemed no way.

He sought for stones, and filled the nest,
He filled it full, full to the brim;
He noticed this, birds never claimed

Nor sat thereon, when thus
He'd done. Thoughtful he then became.
From out the nest

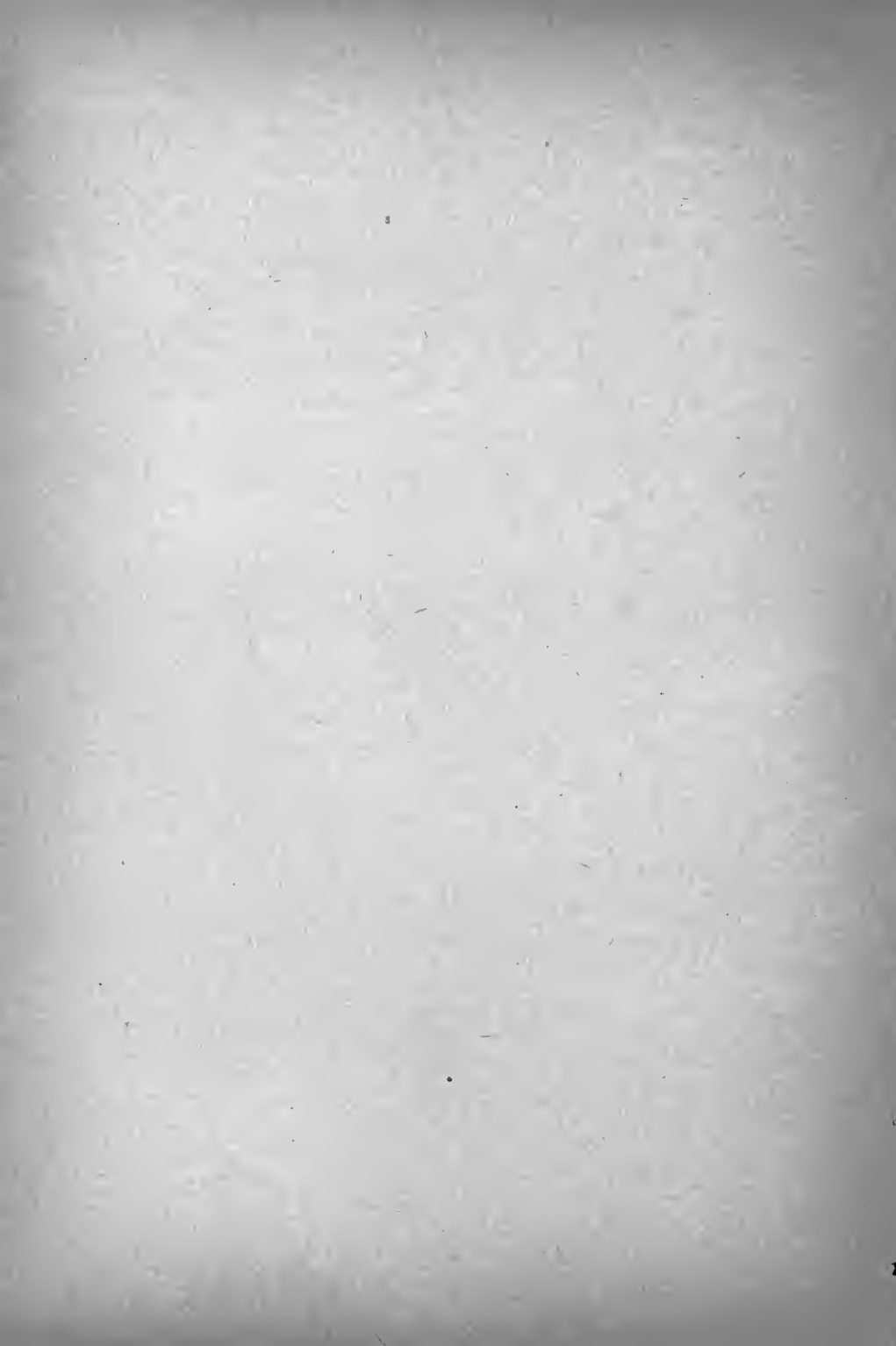
Two eggs he'd take, and in their place
Two pebbles lay. Then watched he well,
And, O, his joy; the old birds did

Not notice it ; alas,
In time the birdlings came, beside

Them lay the stones
 As they were placed ; no yellow, wide
 And gaping mouths ; no skinny throats,
 Came stretching up midst tender wings
 Emerging from their shells ;
 Nor would they break when dropped. He stored
 In vain pebbles
 Of every size, to match the eggs
 Of all the birds within his reach.
 Man waiting, watched and worked, ofttimes
 He lay full length upon
 The elephant and dreamed, his couch
 Of grass his nest.

Week after week, and month by month
 He wondered and observed.

 The young
 Of all the birds and beasts grew like
 The old ; in time matured,
 From tiniest birdling to the baby
 Elephant ;
 Not one grew like to him of all
 That moved about ; not one had such
 A foot, nor one a hand nor arm
 Like his, not one, not one ;
 The trees and plants he loved, but they
 Were always there.



RECITATIVE.
ADAM'S FALL.

RECITATIVE.

Then came a lonely day when all
The elephants were gone. In march
Ordered they went, and two by two,
The young beside their dam.
Alone was Adam, no one but he,
Except that beast,
The crocodile.

Satan himself
Was left as guard. In vain did strive
The beast; in vain did stand upright;
His napping time had come
And drowsiness him seized; but Adam
Slept not, nor sat,
In all the glare of blazing day.
Down Satan sank, watchful he'd be
Though he himself should sleep. He thought
"Adam is alone, what harm
"Can come to Man, what harm indeed?"
So Satan slept.
Man was alone; one pair of bears
Slept on serene; the small one of
The other pair, alert and full
Of fun, played close at hand.
The wakeful little beast played there
Alone awhile;
She was the one who oftenest brought
Sweet honey-comb to Adam. Her mate'd
Been gone for days, was this one left

For Adam then? Man thought
 Why not for him? He felt all through
 His frame of flesh
 A shudder run;

He fondled and
 Caressed the beast, he fawned around,
 And kissed the brute, his frenzied mind

No difference saw in race.
 What subtly stole his sense away?
 A languorous dread
 To fear soon changed, to trembling fear,
 For, far off in the woods, he heard
 The lusty call to her of her
 Returning mate.

Down ran
 The little bear into the lake
 Nor thought of Adam;
 Unlucky Adam, her furry coat
 Clutching; he ran, and stumbled down,
 And sank with her into the lake.

Man Adam was drowned, since he
 Of beast, and with a beast, had him
 Mated.

The bear unconsciously swam on,
 She, witless, by her gifts had won
 The Man.

Was Adam drowned? Why not?
 Above his head the bright
 And merry wavelets floated in
 The Sun.

Before
 That day we doves had sung, but since
 We never sing; we chirp, and coo,
 And mourn.

Above Adam's head arose
 Some bubbles bright of air.
 The Man had loved a beast; again
 Man rose above

The waves ; he gave a scream of fear,
The first despairing scream of fear ;
Brute that she was, the bear had heard

The scream, and turned;—close shut
Her mouth over the waves of Adam's
Long, floating locks;

Then swam, and drew him to the shore;
She drew him, senseless, o'er the sand
That scorched beneath the sun. From her

Wet sides she shook out showers,
Drenching the Man with drops. She saw
Her mate's return.

She buried from his sight the Man;
She reared; an instant stood upright;
Then dropped, and sprang to meet her spouse.
A sound

Unique enstopped our ears, a laugh
From Satan's jaws.

On haunches raised, with head thrown back,
From saw-like lips full tensely strained
Came chuckles vast; a noise most like

Unto the noise of pent
But gurgling water, rolled from out
His frog-like throat
When laughed that fallen prince.

From both

His eyes, half closed in mirthfulness,
Now sparkled out, twinkled unchecked

The thought that he alone
Possessed the knowledge firm of the
First fall of Man;

A fall supreme, complete and sure.
How simple, matchless even, that he,
Beelzebul, should close his eyes

For one instant to thus
Secure the upper hand of Man.
That he, in sooth,
Scant time should nod his cumbrous head
In dreamless sleep before some sense

Unknown, alert ; an instinct wrought
 About the edge of sleep,
 Him warned, instant and opportune,
 To Man's ordeal ;
 In point of time the first great nurse
 To scorn his charge, and him neglect
 And so gain death instead of life
 For him.

The same instinct
 That waked, had warned him hold his tongue,
 Throw up his head,
 And backward look ;

Thus fell Man Adam
 Beneath his power—but tempted not.

The senseless Man, within the sand
 Enshrined, lay still.

The bear
 Rejoiced to have again her mate,
 The Man was dead ;
 Alive or dead nothing Man was
 To her, happy the beasts had lived
 Before he came, and happy now
 He'd gone again.

Satan
 Alone'd miss Man, but, laughing still,
 He saw the small
 Bear rise, and quickly drop again ;
 She skurried on to her rough mate,
 Together to the lake they came,
 Together drank, returned,
 Then ran into the woods ; as quick
 Returned from thence,
 And with them other bears.

Instinct
 With inquiry, they rolled the Man
 From out his grave into Sun's glare ;
 Around, and back and forth
 Over the sands ; with their pink tongues

They licked the Man ;
 No sign of life gave he ; and then
 Beast Satan wept ; then groaned aloud
 The lonely crocodile, and lashed

His body with his wings.

He wept great drops, great streams of pearls
 That shimm'ring ran

All down his slimy, skin-tight jaws,
 For long and vain he'd tried the heart
 And love of manly Adam to win.

To Satan, doubly doomed,
 His single loneliness seemed worse
 Than dual woe,
 Now Adam was gone.

Satan himself
 Had long lost Heaven, and had attained,
 By many trials, on Earth foothold ;

With him, could Adam have gone,
 Almost in Hell would be again
 Have taken up

His place. Earth gained, Man lost, was worse
 Than Hell ; Adam gone, no use had he
 For either Heaven or Hell, the Earth

Was both ; himself, Satan,
 The most compacted far of all
 Its molecules.

He grieving, lost himself. He wept
 Afresh.

He could not hope for death,
 Nor dream to enter Heaven, not e'en

Tho' penitent, unless
 Himself he lost, and gained, instead,
 A better life ;

Another life, by entrance to
 This earth, and thence through life and death
 As mindless human being ;

How

Accomplish it ? Had he
 Not endless ages toiled to look
 At human kind ?

But one of these he'd seen, but one,
 And he now dead, and fast to clay
 Turning before his eyes. His loss
 Too great a punishment
 Seemed then; to close one's eyes, because
 Secure, and find
 Sin stolen in, and Death; them he'd
 Forgot in love for that one Man.
 "Out, wretched fiends," he gurgling
 Moaned, "I call on God
 "To drive you out; this is no place
 "For such as you!
 "Go, furious ones; seize tree, rock, fish;
 "The beasts, the birds, but let Man live.
 "Adam's gone, you him have lost, he's safe
 "In Heaven."

— "In Heaven? E'en there
 "He may remembrance take of me.
 "My shape, vile and
 "Ungainly, better mem'ry is
 "Than that would be of heinous Sin,
 "Which precedes Death one step.
 "Had Adam
 "Come forth from Heaven, he had
 "No memory of it. God was
 "A Presence loved;
 "A Presence felt, oft coming; tho'
 "So near, invisible to Man.
 "That Presence seemed to love Man well,
 "The Sun Him loved, the great
 "Blue Sun within its rim dazzling.
 "I think me now
 "Of how he daily bowed to it
 "As God's great home."

 Long in this vein
 Sad Satan spake, and solace found
 But sobbed the while, gath'ring
 Himself into one huddled heap
 Of misery,

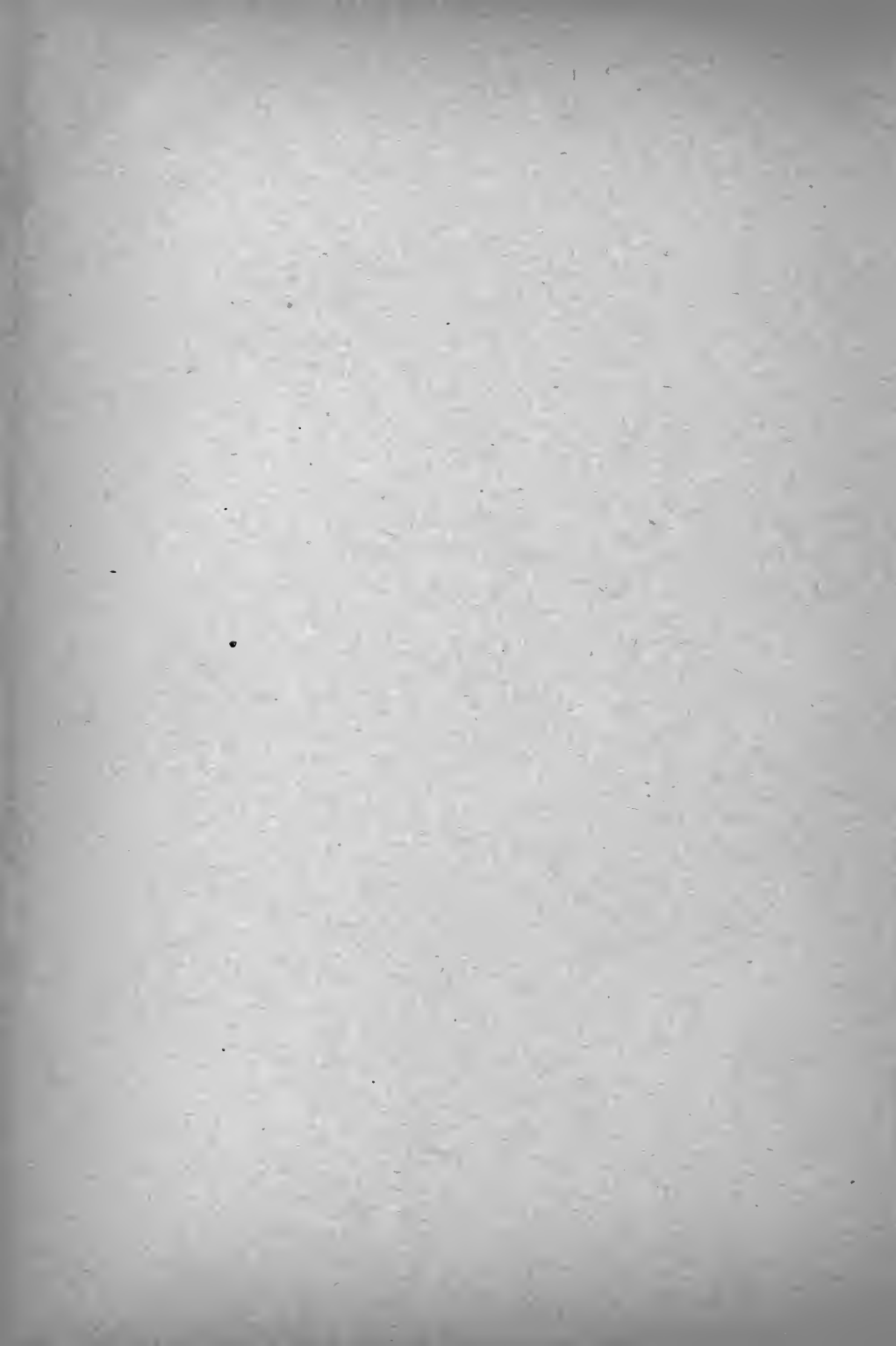
By grief poignant, devitalized;
 There Adam lay, a mortal clod
 Lifeless, beside the sandy dune;
 The Sun warmed him, the bears
 With fuzzy tongues stroked on and on,
 Nor wearied not;
 From head to foot they Man did turn.
 Afresh burst forth the grief of him
 Satan called; he wept again, and cursed
 Himself for that he'd slept;
 All loss seemed his, his living heart
 Within his breast
 Was bursting with its pain of love
 For that which loveless was, and cold,
 And still, and gone away without
 Good bye. 'Twas then began
 The trumpeting of elephants,
 And we who heard
 Turned and beheld one than the rest
 Whiter, surpassing them by far
 In stateliness of form and mein,
 Stride on alone. Upon
 Its back a shrouded figure sat.
 The bears growled loud;
 Quick scurried to the lake, swam through,
 Through bushes tore their way, soon passed
 From sight, and in the mountain's woods
 Were lost.

 Before the herd
 The one lone elephant advanced,
 Moved fast and still;
 To Adam it came and stood, while from
 Its back the shrouded one arose
 And in its shining draperies
 Down floated to the ground,
 It stretched its hands and touched the Man,
 It turned him face
 Upward, and gently breathed into
 His mouth until the breast of Adam

Rose high ; then forced the air forth from
 The lips of Adam until
The breath of Man anew and well-
Established was.

The figure, kneeling, paused and looked
On Man, then in an instant rose,
And took its place unwillingly
 Upon its waiting beast ;
Into its ear whisp'ring, left Adam
To softly breathing rest.

RECITATIVE.
ADAM'S CARES.



RECITATIVE.

Slowly the year had nearly run
Its course; Adam sighed, for half his first,
Best manhood' gone.

In thought he was
Oft lost; and in the vague
Remembrance of his death; he mourned
That he still lived.

Almost was Satan Adam's friend;
By night, by day he kept that most
Unhappy Man in sight, and felt

A grief supreme, if Adam
But gazed on other beast, beside
Himself, intent.

The birds charmed Man; their birdlings, too;
The blossoms, and the buds, not less
Of trees, than those of Earth. Upon

His matted couch of grass
Not on the Earth, but on the great
Broad back of his

Strong elephant he lay, and dreamed—
His head upon the beast's huge head.
It fanned him with its ears; it seemed

To know Man home-sick was;
It plucked bright blossoms from the trees,
And fairest fruits,
And held them over to the child-like
Man, in hope to please or coax.

* * * * *

Quick Adam moved, and roused himself,

His head on elbow leaned ;—

A growl from out the far-off woods

Rolled down from heights

Beyond his sight ; a strange but yet

A well-remembered sound, a growl ;

And then appeared in view—a beast?

A man? a man-like beast,

Who walked erect like Adam, but dressed

In hairy skin.

Close at its side another shape

Came shuffling on. Fast to its neck

Were clinging forms, and they seemed gray,

And strange to us, and strange

To Man, who with his hand his eyes

Shaded and gazed.

The foremost man's exultant stride

Showed by its pace it bore a prize

Within its arms.

Upon its breast

There lay revealed to us,

On closer view, four bundles held

Of varying size

And shape ; for two were rough and brown,

And they were cubs of bears ; and two

Beside, most weakly clung, nestling

Close to the great bear's neck ;

Their skin seemed pink and white, like birds,

These then it'd brought

To Man.

My mate and I drew near,

We looked inquiringly at Adam,

Who, shivering, had raised himself

And upright sat, staring.

Satan glowering crouched, he'd never seen

A standing bear

But once before. What taught the bear

To stand? What right had it such near

Approach to Adam to make, while he

Thus sat on elephant?

It was most strange.

The walking bears

Seemed bold, they looked

Expectantly at Man; they'd brought

Sweet honey-comb; with it, another

Gift, and now presented it.

Beside the Man 'twas laid,

The gift of two of Man's own kind,

Two infant men;

Then, backing off, the scornful bear

Dropped to the ground two robust cubs,

Its own. Were they helpless? They? No,

For had not they a great

Bear-father? Close to neck cleaving

Of Mother-bear,

Two others clung, pink-white, helpless;

With their weak hands they grasped her neck

And nestled, cuddling there in fear.

These Bruin raised, and laid

Full gently, down by Adam, then dropped

On all fours to

The ground. It caught its cubs and by

Their mother laid the little bears.

She weary was of this most slow,

Unusual work, weary

Of walking far, and bringing in

Her arms honey,

While strange beasts to her head did cling;

Relieved of these, at once she fell,

She sank to earth; then leisurely

She nursed her cubs content,

Her Bruin looking on. My mate

And I watched Adam.

Seated within his nest upon

Great elephant, he gazed, speechless,

Upon his naked, helpless young ;
 His offspring, weakly clothed.
 In skin.

 Had elephant beheld,
 Their questioned lives
 An answer and a finish might
 Have had.

 A new cry then we heard,
 Adam heard it, too ; list'ning, he looked
 To see from whence it might
 Have come ;

 A thin and wedge-shaped face,
 Chest viol-shaped ;
 Within the face a mouth appeared
 And from it issued forth a wail,
 The strangest sound Adam's ear had heard.

 It did not touch his heart,
 He did not know he had a heart ;
 The cry rang loud,
 An answering cry in Adam arose,
 Not Pity's cry, his own despair
 Cried out. His arms the helpless one

 Enclosed and it pressed close
 To him, he could not help them if
 They all should weep.
 Why had the great bear-father brought
 To him these large-of-head-and-small-
 Of-bodied things? He'd give them back
 To it.

 Thus we saw Man,
 He helpless was ; at side of him
 And in his arms
 Nestling, the Man beheld his soft
 Image, the evolution of
 Himself ; his first, displayed there ;

 Four chimpanzees, the first
 Of monkey-kind, should they to him
 Apologize?
 No ! they but looked at him who'd called

Them forth,—and cried again. They say
 The sun did dance, at which we closed
 Our eyes.

 We birds are not
 Allowed to love outside our kind,
 (This reason is
 We birds permitted are to live).
 The small and weakly young ones moaned,
 And trembling sobbed. Man Adam, himself
 Trembling, bade elephant
 Kneel down; then, from its side sliding,
 He stooped him down
 And gently laid his cub beside
 The resting bear, that she might feed
 It with her own.

 Entreatingly
 Adam looked at father-bear,
 Which by him stood; then clambered to
 His mat; from thence
 He handed Bruin all the rest;—
 Three weakling little man-like cubs.
 With surly look the bear received
 Them back into his care,
 And growling to its mate some words
 It laid them down.
 The bear-cubs and the tiny men,
 Beside their common nurse, fed soon
 And well, and slept.

 This was the tale
 The gray doves told, they are
 Our cousins from abroad, they roam
 Where'er they will.

GRAY DOVES' STORY OF
THE MAN CUBS.

GRAY DOVE'S STORY CONCERN- ING THE MAN CUBS.

It happened in the far-off woods, away,
Were father-bear, and mother-bear. One day
Six cubs beside her lay, two brown, four gray.

"Where did you find these grayling cubs, my
dear?"

"I found them just beside my own, right here,
"They're not like mine, there's something wrong,
I fear."

"Do you stay here, and rest, and feed them all,
"I'll go and search, and when you hear me call,
"Bring every cub, and do not let one fall."

But father-bear returned alone, and cross,
Without the white bear-mother; with the loss
Of sleep and food. Then—with a mighty toss

Of his great head, declared aloud, "They must
"Be man-cubs; now I think it fair and just
"That he should take the care of them; I'll dust

"My paws from caring for more cubs than mine,
"We'll take them with the honey, it is time;
"He'll love his cublets, the're not mine, nor thine."

Day after day, most curiously,
 Man Adam watched his cubs. He stroked
 Their sides, and saw in what, if aught,
 They differed from their mates.
 Were these small beings like himself?
 Or would they grow
 Like birds? no wings he saw; and would
 Their skin be smooth and fine like his?
 Was he once small as they? Would they
 Grow downy, like the birds?
 Or, like the bears, have fur? They ate,
 They grew, they came,
 They went like bears.

 Their brother-cubs
 Were sometimes rude and rough in play,
 Then man-cubs took to climbing; first
 To father-bear, and next
 To trees.

 High there they sat, serene,
 Or, chatt'ring fast
 They broke off sticks and leaves; they tore
 Off blossoms; picked the fruits and nuts,
 And rained them rattling down, in gay
 Mischief, upon the bears
 Below; Adam grieved, that these small cubs
 Could him out-climb.

He watched their pranks, they seemed to mock
 At him; he envious grew of them;
 He shuddered when they came too near;
 The elephants, as one,
 Distrusted them; the crocodile
 Was jubilant.

Poor mother-bear, whose eyes once shone
 With fun, grew dull, and leaden-eyed;
 It dreadful was that she could care
 For such ungainly cubs
 As these.

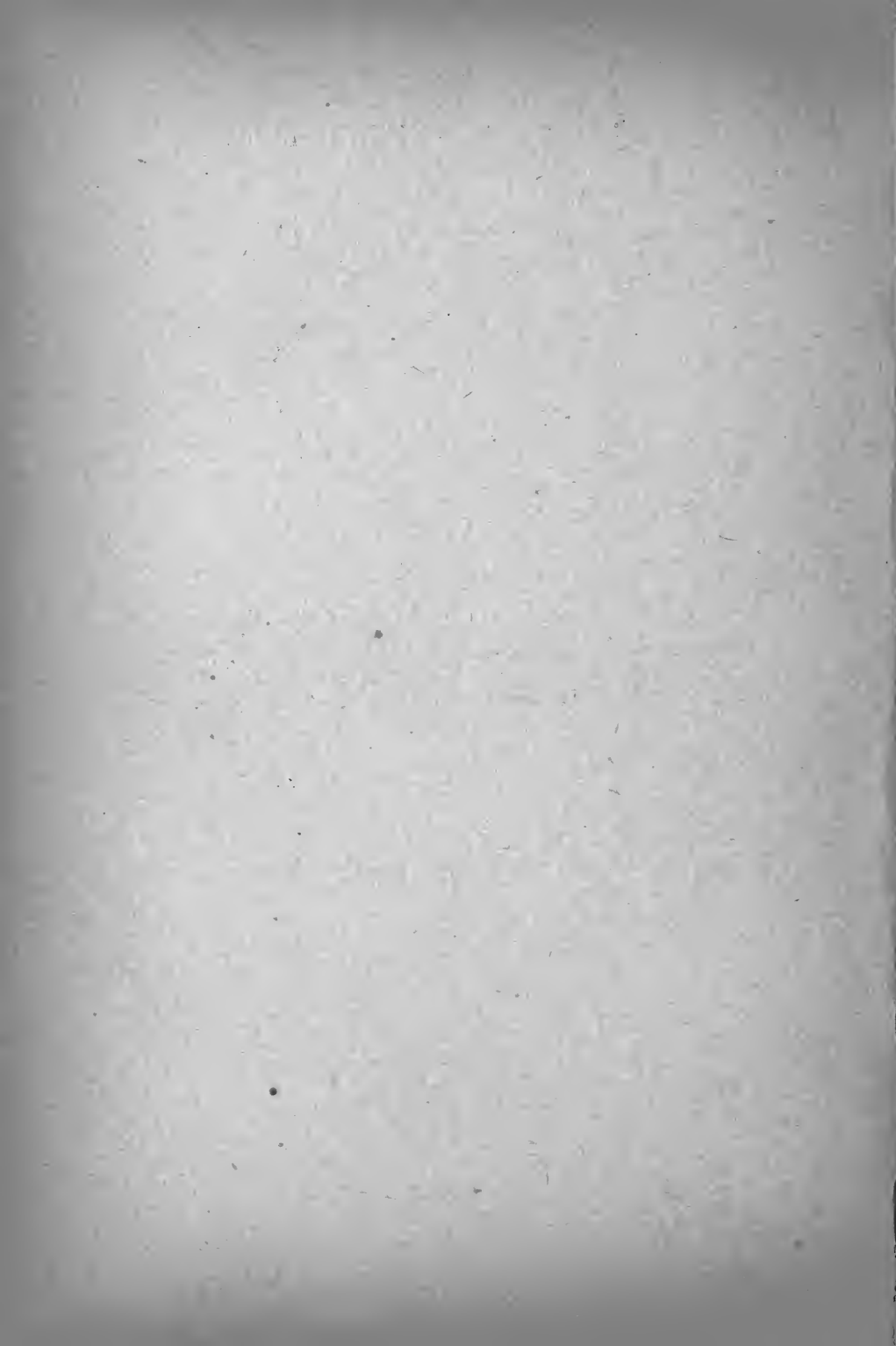
Man would have gladly thanked
 And petted her,
 But half afraid was he of her
 Rough mate, Man could not speak to her
 When it was by, so shy he'd grown.

From time to time when brought
 Bruin its young, not all were bears,
 Two agile apes
 Appeared; all in due time came more
 Strange beasts; and orang-cubs, in pairs
 Or threes, or singly strown; perchance
 Man evolving out;
 A stroke far greater than the Man
 Could patiently
 Endure.

Could there, indeed, be no
 Release? Again he thought, "And will
 "I have to choose a mate from these
 "New beasts which last have come?"
 They had not made a kinship claim,
 Nor had he made.

Should he again seek sleep like that
 He once had found? He from the back
 Of elephant could slip, and lay

Him in the lake; he'd look
 And see its utmost depths; he looked,
 And saw—himself.



ADAM'S SONG TO HIS IMAGE
REFLECTED IN THE LAKE.

SONG.

What's that being
Looking at me?
I can see its face.

I will go, and
Live beside it,
Wand'ring from this place.

I move, it moves
Coming to me,
We will here remain,

See its beauty,
I embrace it,—
It has gone again.

I will come—am
Coming. See it
Reaching toward me;—wait!

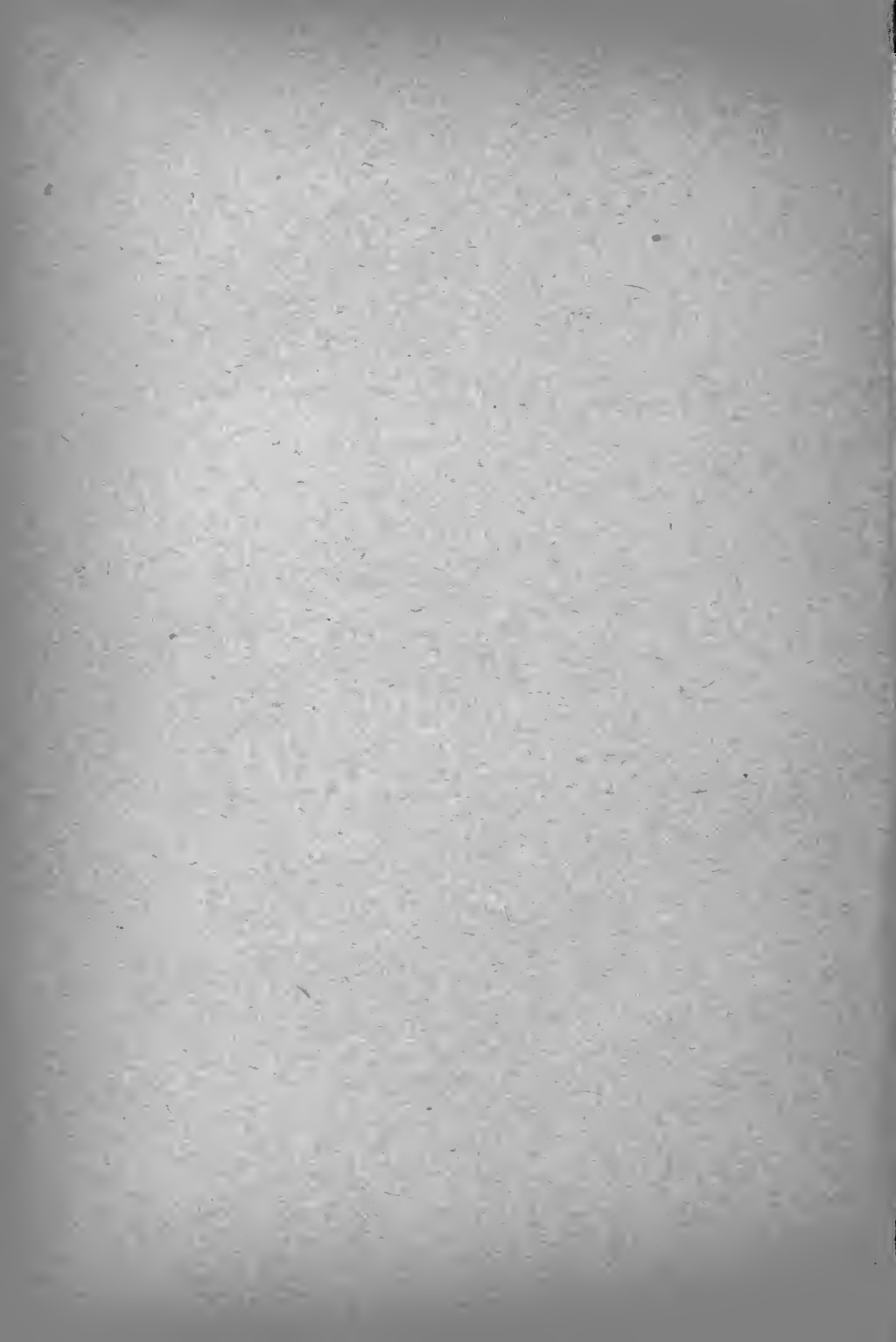
I come quickly
Thy hands holding.
They're so cold, my mate.

The Man was gone, his face so fair,
 With curls clust'ring; long locks, which fell
 In shim'ring waves about his form
 Athletic, lithe, God-like;
 All gone in blindly seeking love
 However false.

The elephant seized Man, and dragged
 Him from the depths. Had it known him
 Incapable of sense it would
 Have saved his lake-ward plunge;
 Saved;—Man was well, but wroth.

Nor evermore
 Could he approach its waves; for thorns
 Sprang up; the elephant forbade;
 Likewise the crocodile. From rocks
 Not far away, a pure
 And glitt'ring fountain sprang, rippling
 And running down
 The sand, throwing itself within
 The lake beyond the bounds now set
 For Adam; hedged out, by them, from death.
 His life, though full of thought
 And simple learning of the ways
 Of plants, birds, beasts;
 Unhappy was; and Discontent
 Its arms about him threw at times;
 Then Horror seized, and crushed the Man
 When he beheld the brutes
 Most like to him, and they did mock
 And leer at him.

RECITATIVE.
GOD'S PROMISE.



EX. 22, 19;

LEV. 18; 23; 20, 15, 16;

DEUT. 27, 21.

RECITATIVE.

Time passed ; a great hush fell one day,
While sounds of music, low and sweet,
Fell o'er Adam's soul, and swaying all

 About him lay. It was
Th' approach of God, in mortal form,
He spoke, Adam heard.

Each elephant a salute gave
Noiseless ; Man trembling sat.

 God bade
Him come to Him ; together stood
The Twain.

 Then passed each beast
In slow parade ; the bears and Satan
Walked upright ;
Of monkey-kind, not one was with
The beasts ; they ranked themselves as birds
And sat in trees.

 Now last of all,
Came soulful crocodile ;
With rare glitt'ring he walked abroad
In bright sunshine.

His drooping wings, as graceful sleeves
Appeared ; his tail, like trailing gown ;
Modest his head was bowed ; within

 His heart was fear.

 When Satan
Passed, God said—and we know how
He thundered it—

*Curst be the man who of a beast
Does make his mate; he shall be put
To death—and he shall have no part
With Me, or Mine; nor in
My sight, nor in My Heaven; for he
Unworthy is.*

Satan toiled on, his heart bereft
Cried sharp, "In vain my glittering,
"Am I not doomed to Hell direct?"
"My place, and outside show's
"Decreed; and fixed my rank on Earth,
"I give up power,
"My heart wants love alone, not glint
"Of sun on golden scales. I want
"Man Adam's love; from that now shut
"By law, I dust would be,
"That roots of trees might pierce my sides,
"Or blossom fair
"My earthly body, hateful house,
"Might soon destroy. No change of place
"Nor shape—save by decree—to me
"Can come; I thank thee, God;
"Since Earth a home for me allowed
"Is,—I'll serve."

Long while he crouched, withdrawn apart
From all the rest; then threw him down
Upon his armored side, and thus
Discoursed unto the ground;
"In gratitude I'll serve the Man
"For evermore."
"I've been in Hell,—and nothing there
"Was worth the pains to go, or pains
"When there; escaped,—on Earth, bondage
"Itself is joy, bondage
"In service of a mind which learns
"By taking thought;
"Which finds a charm in life itself,

"And in its forced employ. At worst
 "Even Man, cast off from God, can live
 "The equal of the beast.
 "I, Satan, shaped in Heaven, fell down
 "To Hell's mid-depths."

"I am content to stay in mud
 "As earthly crocodile, rather
 "Than be confined in hearing of
 "Hell's discord; and its noise
 "And clamor for 'The one who dragged
 "The Angels down.' "

In softened mood, he murmured on,
 "It is but just Hell-ward I should
 "Return; I'll go—if sent; once there,
 "I'll take it turn and turn
 "About with Cerberus, and join
 "With him in toil
 "Of keeping human beings out;
 "Allowed on Earth, I'm spirit-slaved
 "By something never felt before;
 "It stirs my heart when Adam
 "But looks at me, it binds me fast.
 "If love binds so
 "Why should I care for power?

 "Did God
 "Want love? Was not He vastly more
 "Than satisfied with power? I had
 "The power to crush this Man;
 "His intense love I more desired.
 "His gentle thoughts
 "And works were wonderful to me.
 "In Man is shown much more of rare
 "Design than seems to run through dust,
 "Beasts, trees, the sky and lakes.
 "Whatever eyes may rest upon
 "He's more than all."

"His eyes subdue the skies ; he's like
 "A tree ; his feet the roots, his arms,
 "His hands are branch and twigs ; each shrub
 "Belittles him, and yet
 "He's greater than them all ; Man thinks."

 "His matted couch
 "Is sign sufficient he can take
 "Comfort at ease. Results he plans
 "Beyond each brutish mind.
 "In sand
 "That's smooth, the shapes of trees
 "And rocks, now outlines he quite well ;
 "Once he did more ;
 "Wet clay he moulded into balls ;
 "Then balls of varied size and shape
 "Made he ; by twos these placed, then made
 "Them like to me. It pleased
 "Me well to have his glowing eyes
 "Study my face
 "And form, though hideous ; these frail,
 "Crude images broke he, at first—
 "Then kept. The other beasts then he
 "Fashioned, until of us
 "He had a whole menagerie.
 "Thus then, worked he ;
 "He wanted but a model real,
 "And fairly standing in his sight,
 "Himself t'amuse with making men."
 "His treasured images
 "Are dust ;—since monkeys look so like
 "In kind to him,
 "He's ceased his image-work."

To this

"The summary amounts : I, Satan,
 "Must help Man right to do, or fall
 "Both headlong back to Hell.
 "It easy is to think, but on
 "All fours to walk,

"Or strange to look upright on twos

"Is easier far for Hell's once chief,

"Than joyous be in their doing.

"As crocodile I these

"Can do, can watch, can wait, could snatch

"Man up when wrong ;

"In stress could swallow him ; and, quite

"Content, make food for worms ; this I'll

"Reserve 'til all things else have failed.

"But now, 'tis better far

"That I, a love-sick crocodile,

"Bestir myself

"At once, and think while serving, how

"I best can aid the Man content,

"Eternally."

So dreamed aloud

The crocodile, until

His dreams almost an angel's seemed

Even to us birds.

He saw himself, by nature's force

And time ; to worms, and useful juice

Of plants reduced, and thought what plant

He'd choose to give his life

Unto. If choice were freely given

He'd be a vine—

A vine with fruitage ;

But a vine

Would climb ; would that please Him who sat

Above, and ruled small Earth, and made

The elements which formed

The Earth ? As Angel he had climbed,

And been thrown down ;

As vine, he'd crawl, nor cast aloft.

One leafy branch ; his ripened fruit

Could feed the birds, and they could sing

God's praise ; the sound could go

Below, above ; and should his soul,
 Cast forth from out
 His form, by vine-root's grasp, find Hell
 Its restless, endless home ; e'en there
 The melodies of birds, vine-fed,

 Might pierce their way, and bring
 Comfort in midst of gnawing pain's
 Discouragements.

His changing, fettered heart Hell's census
 Took, counting the spirits bound
 At will, at council called in Heaven.

 Could he release them all
 Should he return ? They'd followed him
 In truth, but why ?

He'd not compelled, and Hell itself
 Might change, now he was out. It had
 Of Heaven the mental elements ;

 Musicians in one discord
 Fuged ; Heaven's music far away ;
 Ear tortured they ;
 Great artists, who'd oft done the clouds
 Of Heaven in tints by them alone
 Impossible ; God's alchemists

 Direct' their work in Heaven,
 None fallen were.

 Throughout the list,
 In thought, he went ;
 Nor could he deem but they as well
 Without his ken,—for present needs ;
 Later, if ordered there, he'd go

 And suffer, too, if they
 Released were not ; to Earth and shape
 He yet was bound.

To his keen, anguished sense had come
 God's words to Adam, he thought he knew
 Their meaning well, if Adam could

 Not love a beast, his fate,
 In present outer shape, was fixed.
 A mental beast,

Intolerant and vain, he once
 Had been ; Hell's fires had calcined part ;
 But, fitted to his shape, his mind

Had filled it out complete
 'Til Adam came, and in his sweet
 Companionship

He learned a meaning new to him ;
 That power existed out of self,
 And was a Spirit, sent from God,

Which conquered other loves,
 Beside the love for God Supreme,
 Throughout all space.
 This fainting Satan'd learned.—Adam heard
 God's words, but did not catch their thought
 Of awful import.

God called Adam
 To stand near Him ; then called
 The apes ; He called for all the race
 Of monkey kind.
 These showed to Man. *Are these thy sons?*
Man Adam? dost thou call such as these
Daughters and sons? Hast thou no soul?

The Man looked at the tribe
 Before him grouped, but said no word ;
 He did not know.

At their lean arms he looked, at his ;
 Saw their shorn heads, felt his long locks
 Of waving earth-red hair, and brow

All decked with little curls,
 Which oft he'd plucked out by the roots,
 And felt no hurt—

Because his eyes they'd covered up.
 At quadrumanian feet he glanced,
 And at his shapely ones ; in one

Swift glance surveyed
 The man-like, climbing beasts ; his own
 Fair skin was smooth,
 Theirs hairy was. Chatt'ring, toward him
 They stretched their hands ; Adam cast himself

Face down to earth,—*Hast thou done this?*
Then thou shalt die. God grasped

The Man, and high he lifted him—

My mate then spoke,

A soft “Ya-hu; Ya-hu.”* The Lord

Of Heaven heard, *If this bird speaks*

Shall I not hold mine wrath? The Man

Must know he has a soul,

And feel the grasp of pain. Slow down

The Man was lowered;

The Earth he touched, and then the Lord,

Who could Man’s shrinking side have crushed,

Clutched it.

Thou hast a soul, it feel.

With wrench of hand, twisting

The muscles hard. He watched Adam’s face,

Thence came a sound

From out Adam’s mouth; the first great “Oh!”

Of pain; this all the list’ning Earth’s

Resounding waves answered; the sound

Circling, went swirling round

From every tree, rock, hill and plain;

That “Oh” of pain,

That cry of pain; that something which,

Not seen, nor heard, made self supreme;

It was then born, nor time, nor love,

Nor fear could prove to Man

Its non-existence; God then loosed His hand,

Pains like thy soul,

Feel’st thou thy soul? It shall thee chide,

And thou’lt be true and clean in time.

A kindred mate thou’lt have like to

Thyself and she will seem

Thy soul; with thee will live; she’ll thee

Surpass in grace;

In wisdom be thy peer; and far

Beyond in seeing quick and clear

*“Oh God, oh God.”

*A future good; thou'lt her excel
 In strength, regarding needs
 At hand superlative. But thou
 Thyself must curb.*

*Thou'lt have thy separate soul, nor canst
 Thou always have thy mate with thee;
 Each sight of her, her every act,
 Should thee remind—in some
 Degree—of Me, and what I thee
 Have told.
 Love Me supreme; then, if she fails,
 I'll comfort thee.*

*Rest now, within
 Mine arms; I'll hold thee close; rest Man,
 And sleep; I love thee so.
 Thou'lt live; and work, and sing. Again
 I'll come, and when
 I come, thou'lt sleep so sound thou'lt have
 No knowledge what I bring to thee
 Until thou seest my good gift.*

*The pain-tired eyelids closed,
 His Father holding him; He smoothed
 Adam's knitted brows,
 And sang to him. The birds mingled
 Their songs with His. No words were sung;
 But sounds since used by insect choirs,
 To lull to sleep; He bent
 And kissed the Man, and laid him down
 And went away.*



RECITATIVE.
ADAM'S WAITING.



RECITATIVE.

At dawn, and day by day, Adam waked
And prostrate bowed before the Sun
As place, he thought, most like the home
Where God might dwell. He loved
To think of Him, although to grieve
God's heart he feared.

Himself he bathed within the rock-
Fountain; he learned to whistle; sung
The songs of little birds,—that he
Might sing them to his mate
When she should come; as had in faith
Been promised him.

Now garlands fair he wove, to deck
His coming bride; her wanting, wreathed
With them great elephants. Of trees
With swaying branch, festoons
He made, which ran from tree to tree,
He grief forgot.
He stored up honey in a cave
He'd built of stones; about its sides
Heaped sand and moss; with joy his heart
Was filled.

His fear and dread
Constant became, lest apes should turn
To men like him;
But no, a magic bound seemed set.

He grieved where they at aught surpassed,
For they could climb secure. What if

His mate should long for that
Beyond his grasp? but then, he thought,
Will she not love

A Man more than a climbing beast,
However high its place? Waiting,
The Man of best would worthy be;

Working, be worthy Heaven.
Within his side, a throbbing heart
He felt; oft times

It beat with fear if he but looked
Out toward the dreadful, man-like apes;
With joy and reverence it beat

When he recalled to mind
The faithful promise God had made
While hushing him,
No longer home-sick, tired, nor robbed
Of sleep—unless for very joy.

We thought it strange, I and my mate
Whom I so dearly loved;

Beside a promised mate, this new-
Made Man had then

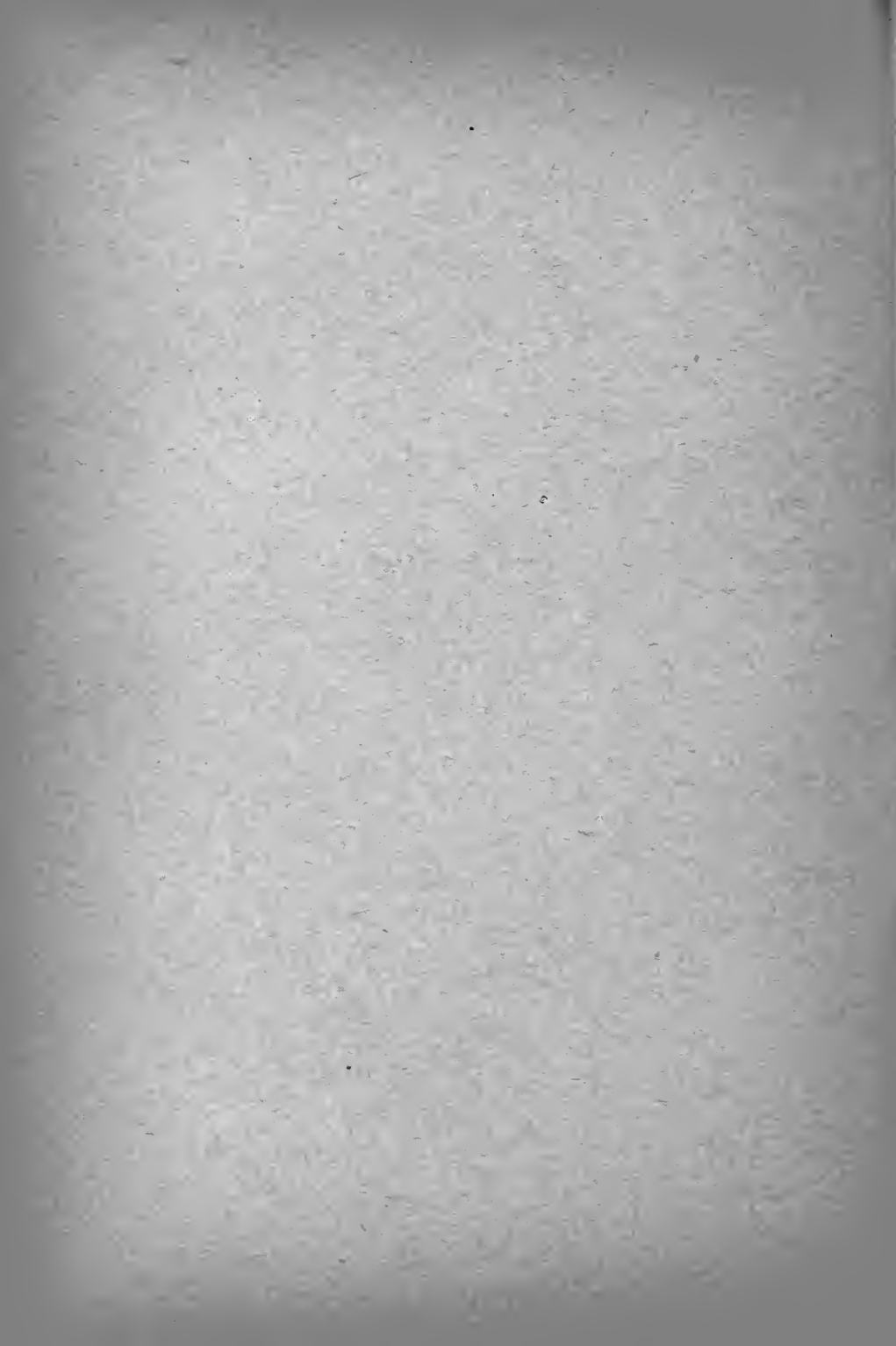
A soul, which more and better was.
Since soul and life seemed each a part
Of each, we, too, wished for these souls.

The life of Man my mate
Had saved, Would God not give us birds
A living soul?

We'd sing; and wait, and see, for we
Him also loved.

RECITATIVE.

THE
COMING
OF
EVE.



RECITATIVE.

Like other days, the longed-for day
Dawned clear. When rolled the sun on high
Our quiet hour disturbed was;

 The twitt'ring silence of
The wood awoke to trumpetings
Unusual.

Advanced full soon toward us a tribe
Of elephants, vast beasts and white
Compared with those of Eden, our home.

 Upon them rode in state
Spirits of might in garments clothed
From Heaven's looms.

The Lord of all came, too. Swiftly
Appeared a newly opened plain
Hedged thick with thorns, all blossoming;

 Mountains, rocks heaped on rocks
Encircling and receding rose
Beyond the hedge,

Their cones the azure sky piercing,
Shone luminous with snow and ice
Beneath sun rays; rays dazzling still

 'Though passing fast fair Eden's
Meridian. Then Paradise
In brightness gleamed.

Appeared an entrance new; through this,
With measured tread, the stately herd
Their precious burdens bore, nor saw

The Man these shining forms,
 Nor heeded he; his senses fine
 In sleep were locked.

Transplendent ones, Angels from Heaven,
 Eden's bowers amidst, sat mute and gazed
 Upon their heavy, lumbering steeds;

Nor knew that these were kings
 Of beasts, and trained to follow sounds
 Angels heard not.

Of sound these beasts each modulation
 Knew that breathed in vain to harps
 Within Angelic ears; so trained

Were they to signals given
 That without thought the Angels rode,
 Marched, throned on them,
 Eden's bowers amidst; and sate transfixed
 Beneath its fragrant, spicy shade;
 Beheld entranced its beauteous

Simplicity; saw Adam
 Unconscious that to him was given
 An homage rare.

The palms in Eden were wonderful,
 Both greater and the lesser kinds,
 Gathered in groups, and set in lanes;

In vain search we, to Heaven
 They were transplant' to charm the sight
 Of Angels there.

Within Eden's entrance was the small
 Rock-fountain Adam loved, not far
 Beyond, stored safe, sweet honey-hoard

In caches made by him
 Within the ground; the busy man
 Had right to rest.

So sound Adam slept, that all had passed
 Each to his place and statue-like
 Remained, like Burmahn idols carved

From tabreez-stone. Adam's herd,
 With watchful eyes that turned toward him,
 Stood guard.

The elipse complete, at farther end
 An altar stood of stone; huge, vast,
 Entire; a monolith scarred not
 By human hands; there lay
 Lilies of creamy hue, and white,
 Like Easter flowers;
 Pale roses, smooth of stem, blushing;
 Chrysanthemums; of violets,
 A fragrant, incense shedding cloud;
 Spice-weed and ferns; on edge
 Of rock these found a footing place
 And seemed to thrive;
 While, from its base, wild columbine
 Sprang up,

 A plant designed in Heaven,
 And thence transplant' by eagle's aid
 To Earth. Such gard'ning done,
 Aquila seemed to watch their growth
 In nature's care.

Secure their earthly home, and growth
 Assured, from out their shapely gold
 And scarlet throats music came forth
 From earth, by dainty stem
 Conveyed. So still it was, we heard
 The ferns bend down
 To catch the sounds from out these flowrets
 Spreading horns; sweet sounds from Heaven.

We held our breath in fear to miss
 One note, for only then
 Were they connected up by wires
 Invisible.
 Their golden throats resounding rang
 With harmonies from Heaven afar,
 And carried thence through endless space;
 Seraphs the players were.

In time, ears trained will hear these tones
 And learn Heaven's songs;
 The bad then good will grow; that they
 May onward follow to the source
 Of perfect harmony.

Then first
 Was felt the thrill which greets
 Orchestral score, created by
 A thinking mind;
 Not nature's tuneful pipings, squacks
 And roars; but all subdued to place
 And harmonized in Heaven;
 'Twas bliss
 To hear; a glorious, hushed
 Salute of honor; first to God,
 Then Man, God's work.

* * * * *
 Stood all the beasts in place, nor moved
 'Til music ceased, for sweet and clear
 A love-song rose; Earth's love to God,
 And Heaven's to God, and God's
 To new-made Man, who lay asleep
 Within his nest.

Out toward the monolithic stone
 The largest of the stranger herd
 Walked slow; something upon it lay
 Which glistened white; and laced
 About with strands as fine as spiders
 Ever spin;
 Amidst the filmy strands, wove in
 And out were blossoming lotus, pink
 And white; above, one lotus lay,
 All gold at heart, petaled
 With crimson hue; the sacred plant
 Of Indes' land.
 All wreathing, binding it in place,
 A purple passion-vine entwined
 Itself;

Within the wreathing vines
 And milk-white swathing webs
 Lay gentle Eve, in dreamless sleep's
 Embrace enwrapped.
 Beneath her head an Angel's folded
 Wing, above her lay its mate,
 Her form from rays of sun shielding,
 Once more of use to her
 Before its final dissolution, since
 It was willed so.

God touched the Man to waken him,
This is thy mate—Man Adam—wake!
Look! here's thy mate; loved Adam, live
 And with her tend this place,
Keep thou My law, and forget not
Oh, son of Mine—
I've given thee all thou needest here
And made the earth so fair that thou
Canst perfect be, nor think of sin.
 Work then, and live; sinning
Thou'lt die, and be shut out from Heaven,
Away from Me.
 Then ceased the words; an influence sweet
 Enthralled the Man beyond the power
 Of simple words.

His elephant
 Was courteous host alike
 To Angel guest and waiting beast,
 In place of Man.
 Beside the stranger elephant
 Stood Adam's faithful guard, nor did
 It think but that its guest and Adam's
 The other was, its look
 Indifferent, tho' watchful it
 Of child-like Man;
 It served an unseen guide in all
 Its ways with Adam, and came and went
 According to command of that

Great Presence, which controlled
Both them, and every living thing
But mortal Man.

The Earth was made laws to obey
Not made for Man; he was to have
No laws save those to labor, and
To love.

Heaven's walls'd enclosed
An idler's paradise, hence un-
Provoked revolt.
The pit of Hell nothing contained
Of love, nor were revolting souls
Contented there.

A new Earth placed,
How could Man's life be planned
And simplified toward liberty
And happiness?

Let Man be law; a perfect Man
Could need no perfecting; could run
In circle small for aye; while Earth,
In circle not so strict,
Would take the Man around, and tilt
Him back and forth
Within a circling year, to climes
Untold; he could stand still, and have
Variety. What use had Man

For laws? chance might account
To him for everything, which he
Himself wrought not.

Should man inquire, and search, some laws
He'd find, binding material things;
For self, no laws; could aught spoil such

A work? The plan'd been wrought
With thought for child-like Man, who slept
Like any child.

Unmindful lay he in his mat
On elephant, asleep. At last

His spirit heard ; his body still
 Engulfed in sluggish rest.
 Beast Satan heard, "This Man's law was,
 " 'Obey and work.' "

Man must obey without a thought
 Or knowledge of result ;—save this,
 That God would be displeased, and Heaven
 Would be no place for him.
 That God should wish a home where He
 Could be at peace
 Was far beyond the serpent's ken ;
 He hoped Man would obey ; but cast
 An anxious thought out toward the form
 Which lay so closely swathed ;
 Its coming moved torment anew
 Within his heart.

One law had shut him out from Adam,
 The law of kind ; 'til now they two
 In loneliness were equals both ;
 Far better so, than Adam
 And Eve content, and he alone,
 And in their sight.

"Adam not alone"?—his envy burned,
 Again he vows forgot, his soul
 Shuddered ; on that one chance alone
 Could he gain Heaven ; he could
 Find blessedness complete for him
 As Adam's friend.

"What lay within those swathing folds?"
 Quick ran his thoughts all knowledge through,
 Experience to him had come
 In line of "warriors, powers,
 And principalities ;" not maids
 In silk cocoon.

Should she prove precious, he with Adam
 Could strive; and, conquering him, bear off
 His mate.

A tree forbid grew near;
 Around its base a screen
 Of ferns and fennel grew, a safe
 And near retreat.

Cast he a look toward Man, as one
 In act to spring; he paused, then crouched
 He low; and lying on the ground,
 Amidst the ferns and flowers
 That girt the great tree's base, he made
 His silent way.

Then we forgot the slimy beast
 Which lay beside the "knowledge-tree;"
 Nor saw we him again 'til days
 To weeks and months had run,
 So still he lay that we drew near
 The sleeping pair.

Observant, from the perfumed rock,
 The Presence of the Lord saw all,
 Himself invisible; then rose
 Enchanting music's chords
 From golden trumpet throats, to ears
 Of Angel guests
 Who raised their heads, surprised; the sounds
 Familiar seemed; they were transmit'
 To far off Earth, from Heaven direct,
 By grounded circuit, through
 The columbine; a perfect flower designed
 For Paradise.
 To make Earth Heaven, it nothing lacked;
 God's presence; Angels; all that art
 Could paint, or ear enjoy,—why wake
 That drowsy Man? He seemed

The center of all interest
To eye and thought.

* * * * *

When God elects to be alone
He draws angelic bounds, Himself
Invisible.

Great storks from sky
Descend', themselves adjust
On ledge of rock, and nestle there
Like little birds
Beside the parent bird. Hushed were
Our simple notes; while high from out
The aquilegia's horns loud tones
Symphonious rose, tho' played
In distant Heaven, and played to wake
The dreaming Adam.

Of stranger herd of elephants
One only there remained, and it
The leader was, and bore a Queen
To grace the waiting Earth.
Adam's faithful guard, bearing the Man,
Stood, with its mate;

Of Adam's herd, all else had gone;
Each, passing by, had paired with one
Of stranger herd; they slowly paced
In solemn march.

The white
Beast's glitt'ring riders turned, each one,
And looked toward Adam.
The Angels passed the leafy gate
Nor saw it once; intent were they
On Eden's bloom, and its one Man.

Full gently had great ropes
Of bloss'ming vines swung down; to their
Fixed resting place
They swung, and held the passage-way
Secure.

The glitt'ring ones were shut
 Without, to heavenly march which oft
 They'd heard, and followed where
 It called; their earthly steeds had heard,
 And ordered march
 In spite of them;

 They were shut out,
 Those shining ones, but knew it was
 A part of some wise plan. In thought
 In Eden they lingered still;
 Shut out, they felt at liberty
 To roam at will;

They saw how planned was Earth, so placed
 For Man's abode, that Angels e'en
 Might be content, environed so;

 Man's limitations felt—
 For Man must step, or creep, or jump—
 Of upward flight incapable,—
 They'd Angels be.

 Earth's freedom they'd
 Enjoy, now their's it was; to Heaven

 Return content—unless, as now—
 When earthward sent as choicest of
 Heaven's messengers.

* * * * * * * *

Within Eden's bounds two beings lay
 Upon whose fate unmeasured woes
 Or many joys for ages wait.

 Since then, no one can say
 That God's to blame for aught, save once,
 Or, maybe, thrice;

A message sent to Noah when
 About the Earth to drown; He called
 Forth Abraham, who would have lived

 His century, and three-
 Score years and ten, without God's call;
 He Angels sent
 To warn; and gave men dreams; aside
 From these,—

c c c
 c c c
 c c c

And the one time when from
 His throne His Son went forth to save
 What seemed to Him—the Son—
 Such mighty loss of souls and lives;
 No record's given.

Since God then, made one soul to live
 Upon this Earth, He lets all live,
 And work with tremblings oft their own
 Salvation out, unless
 They take that offered through His Son;
 God's Man was Adam.

Unconscious Man slowly awaked
 And turned himself, and looked; what noise
 Had him disturbed; and, whispering low
 Of coming joy—and him
 Cursing—had gone away? Into
 The sky he gazed,
 It seemed the same; but as he rose
 He glanced around; his dreaming must
 Be true; a garden strange he saw;

 The tree was safe near which
 His store of honey lay concealed,—
 And rock-fountain;

Amazed, he sat upright, and then—
 Saw Eve, a white cocoon, all bound
 About with swathing, filmy threads,
 Milk-white, and strong; held fast
 By wreathing, purple-blossomed vines
 Of passion-flower.

DOVE'S SONG TO THE PASSION
VINE.

SONG.

"O Passion-vine, so rough and blue,
Dear Passion-vine, hold fast and true,
Thy branches clasp a soul within,
A soul which has no thought of sin."

"Loved Passion-vine, could we, like thee
Bind life and immortality,
The blood-drops from our hearts we'd give
To see thy pris'ner rise, and live."

Upon his friendly, waiting beast
Adam closer drew, to see within
The chrysalis ;

From its rent side
A bare, pink arm shone through
Its web-like, spun-silk covering
To greet his eyes ;

From the fair arm drooped, nerveless, a
Slim wrist and hand ; a human hand
Like his. At signal by Man given
His elephant knelt down
Beside the standing one.

Strange sight ;
Adam stood, and stared ;
A mortal hand ; a pinkish arm
And wrist ; escaping from a rent
Within a great cocoon ; as fair

And smooth as those from which
 He'd seen emerge great butterflies
 And brilliant moths.

He studied the small hand ; and clasped
 It in his own firm hand. He saw
 The covering Angel's wing, caught down
 By slightest strands of film ;
 He saw the wing was laid above
 The cocoon's silk
 And did not pass within, as did
 The hand and arm.—My mate and I
 Had left our nest and young alone,
 That seeing,—we might see
 And know Adam's every act, and word,
 And very thought.

He placed Eve's hand in his, her wrist
 He gently moved, and lifted it ;
 He touched her arm ; with his cold hand
 He snapped the thread that held
 The covering Angel's wing in place ;
 It fell to dust.

He heeded not, but looked where it
 Had lain, and saw—Eve's gracious face,
 Her quiet, sleeping face ; this then
 Was real ; but not like his
 The face ;—within the fountain's rim
 He had learned his,
 And oft had played at mirroring
 Himself, to prove identity.
 She could not fly away,—as did
 The birds ; one wing was gone,
 She could not fly with one alone ;
 And then Adam smiled.

Her slender wrist lay still within
 His hand,—warm now—his blood lagged not,

But shot throughout his veins like rays
 Of living fire. He was
 Alone with her he had a legal
 Right to love.

His waving hair fell to his feet—
 His body veiled; it custom was
 To him, when sought he sleep. He'd bound
 It fast with clematis
 Which, like a well-wrought broidery,
 A royal robe
 For this first earthly princeling made.

He looked again, and caution came
 To him; he thought how oft he'd all
 Too rough handled the homes
 Of birds in trees, or e'en the silk
 Of blossoms bright;

Eve's tranquil, breathing face was fair,
 Compared with any flower he knew;
 Close round her brow, serene and still,
 Curled rings of hair, like vine-
 Tendrils, unlike was she to all
 Beside himself.

Adam knew Eve's hand was warm; and in
 Her wrist a throbbing stroke of life
 Ebbd to and fro, like that his heart
 Sent running, coursing all
 Throughout his veins; if he but dared
 He'd rend the web.

**SLEEPY MOCKING BIRD'S
SONG.**

SONG.

"O, Adam, be content, hasten
And go away ;
What's hidden here, will keep 'til morn,
It's come to stay.

Those heavy eyelids, weighted down,
Have hid from view
The learning of their loss of Heaven,
Because of you.

Go, Adam, thou hast been asleep,
And from thy side
Enough of mortal clay hast lost
To form thy bride.

Her soul is what she brought from Heaven,
And that's asleep,
Don't wake her, first of mortal Men,
But silence keep."

We Doves, alarmed, thought of our nest
And little birds therein ; the night
Might fall, ere Adam had seen his mate ;
We chirped and cried ; we ceased
In fright, the Man had heard ; he raised
His eyes in thought.

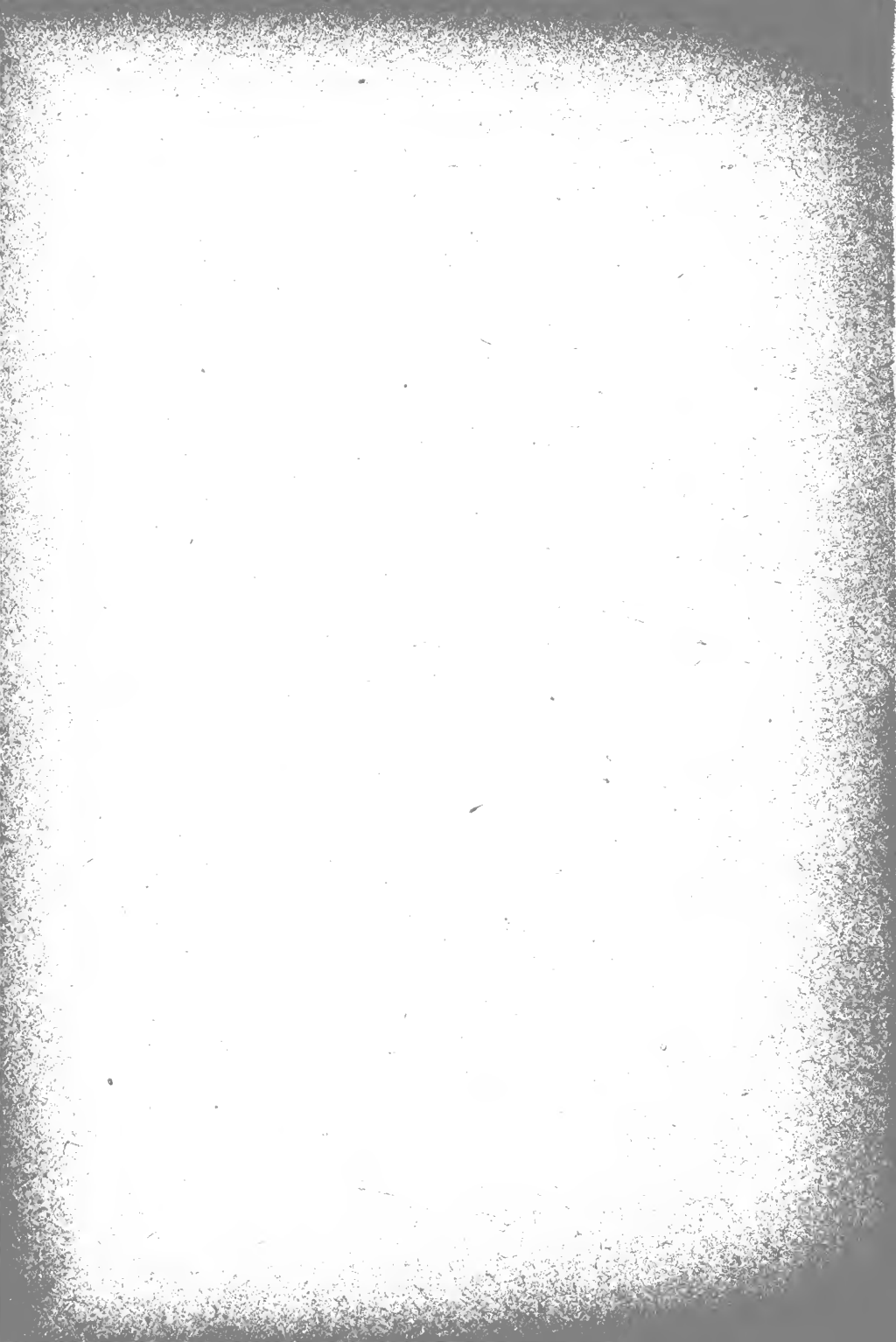
Eve's hand he clasped above his heart
 In sweet contentedness ; unto
 Fast setting sun his face he turned
 And raised his hand toward Heaven,
 He God's self thanked for happiness
 Almost complete ;

Besought his Father to remain
 A Presence ever near, and prayed
 Him help His Adam keep in mind
 His promises.

 A mid-
 Day gleam of light on Adam shone
 While gentle Man
 Over himself the mastery
 Of God's love felt,
 His hand rent then
 The sheltering web, revealing her,
 For him fit mate.

 Adam looked ;
 Then softly touched her wakeful, blushing,
 Sleepy face.

EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE.

I fast was shut in dungeon's walls,
A prisoner released from death;
And then, released from blindness' thralls
I listened there, with bated breath

To Palm Dove, spent with flying far,
Which fell on window ledge, its "coo"
Not that of other doves; through bar
Of window grate it took; "Ya-hu."

"Ya-hu," its cry; "Oh God! oh God!"
The meaning was, it fed with me,
And slept beside mine head. Had rod
Of gold blossomed, could word from God

Be sent by Dove again? "Release
"Me God, from hence; the word of Dove
"I'll then translate; it should speak 'Peace',
"Man's raging hate toward Thee, to love

"Should turn; for all in sight that's now
"Fresh from Thy hand, is beauty yet;
"Nor Art, Science, nor thought from brow
"Of man evolved, can e'er beget

"More than the ant, or bee, or flash
"Of lightning wild, should ages since
"Have taught to him. With Thee, no trash
"Of wheat unsearched through is." The
Prince

Of Peace was wise; that Earth was round,
 It nothing was, to tell; the course
 Of stars; Earth's poise in space, if found
 In time would small use be; man's force

Too puny far, them to control.

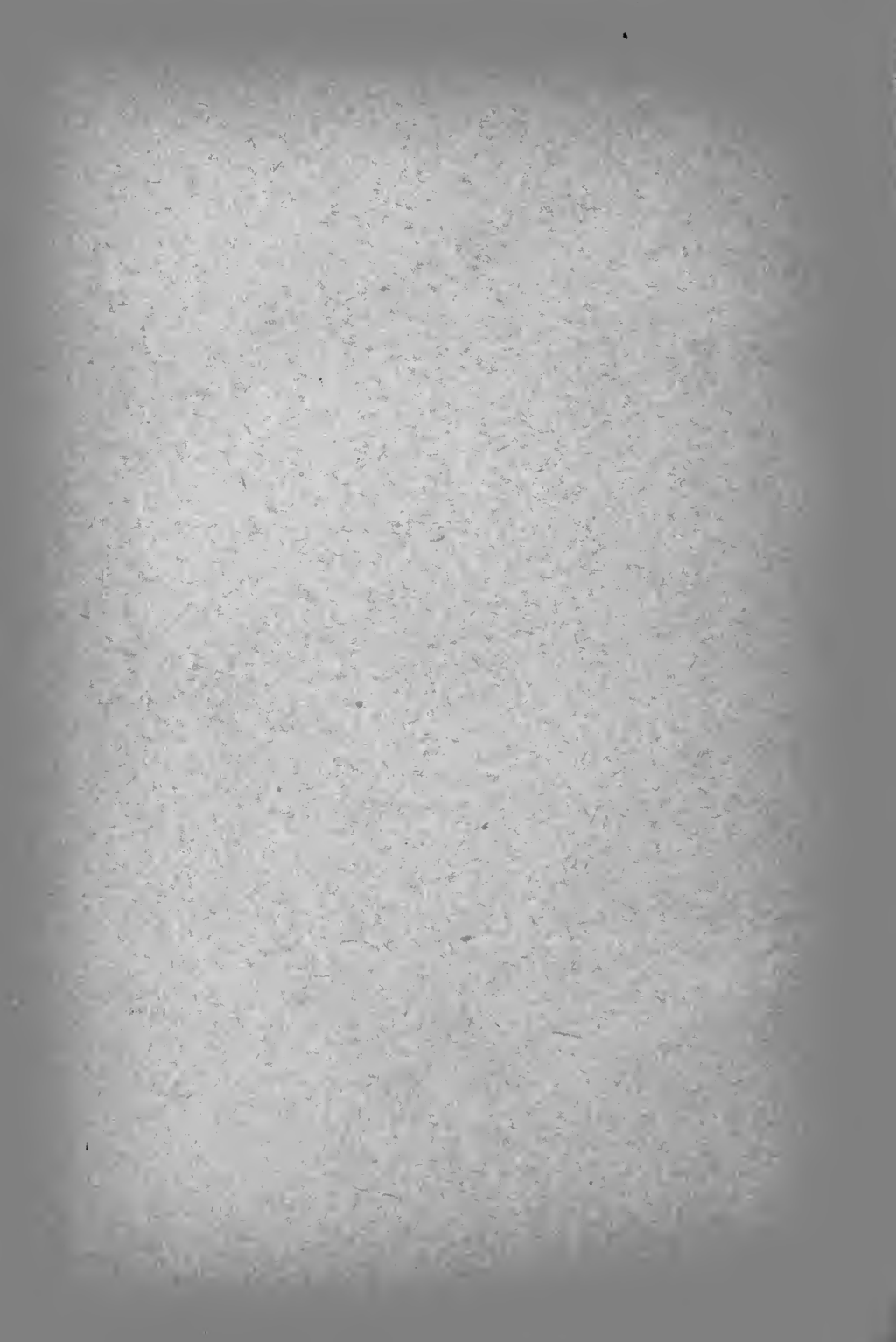
He showed himself God's son, and said
 "My Father does these works;" 'A soul
 "That's saved, is worth the Earth, but
 dead

"In sin;" 'I come to save;' 'Dost thou
 "Love me?' My father will love thee
 "And thou in city fair shalt bow
 "In praise; 'Thy shining mansion see

"Where many mansions are.'" The Dove
 Within my cell found rest; and I
 Did talk with it; my spirit throve
 As fed on Manna from the sky.

Released from care, shut out from friend,
 No prison wall held me; in green
 Valley I lived; flowers before me bent;
 Within my flesh I walked unseen,

The I the Dove did recognize
 As from my casement opened wide
 It flew refreshed toward Paradise
 Its mate to see, its Spirit Bride.



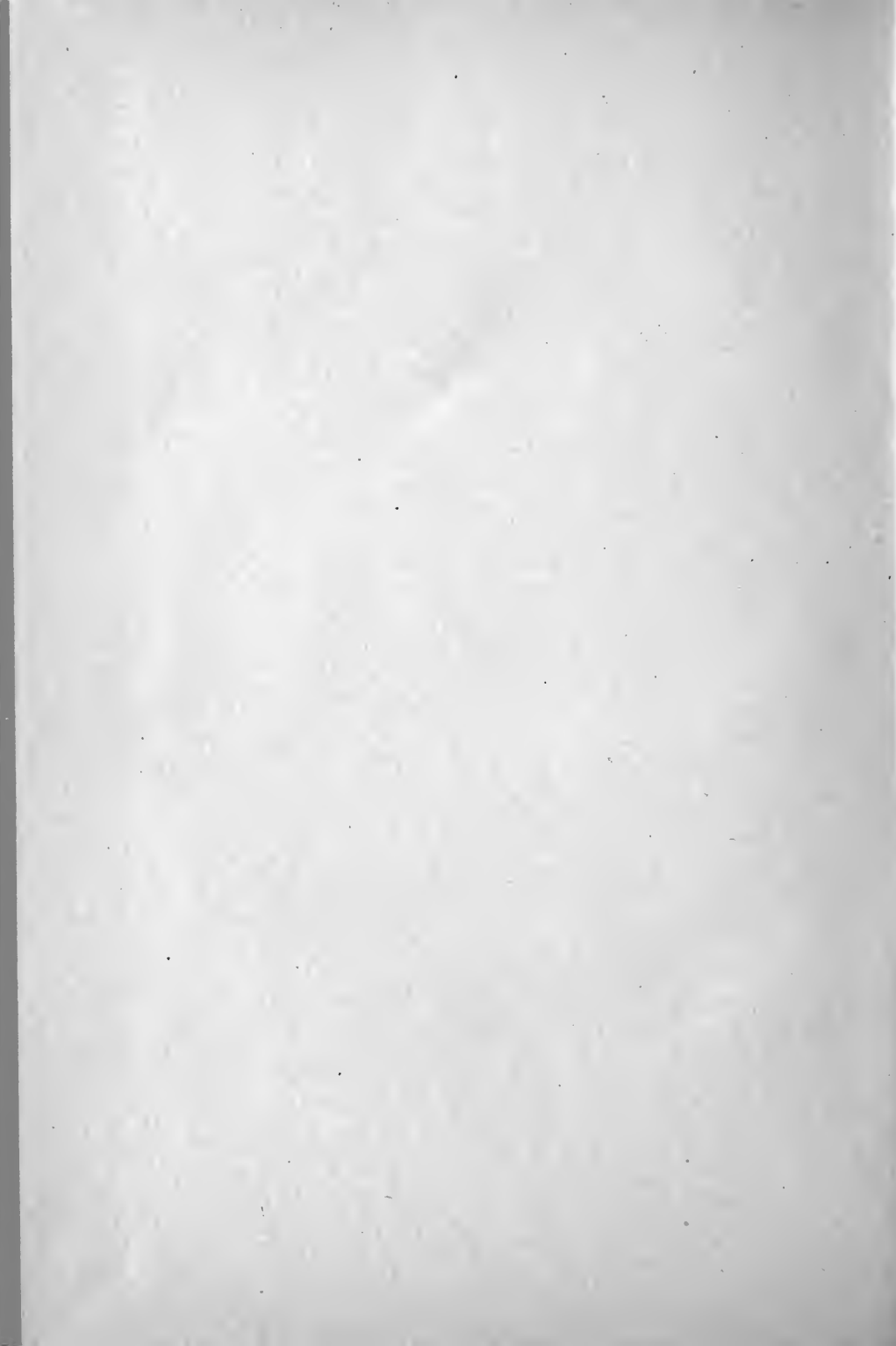
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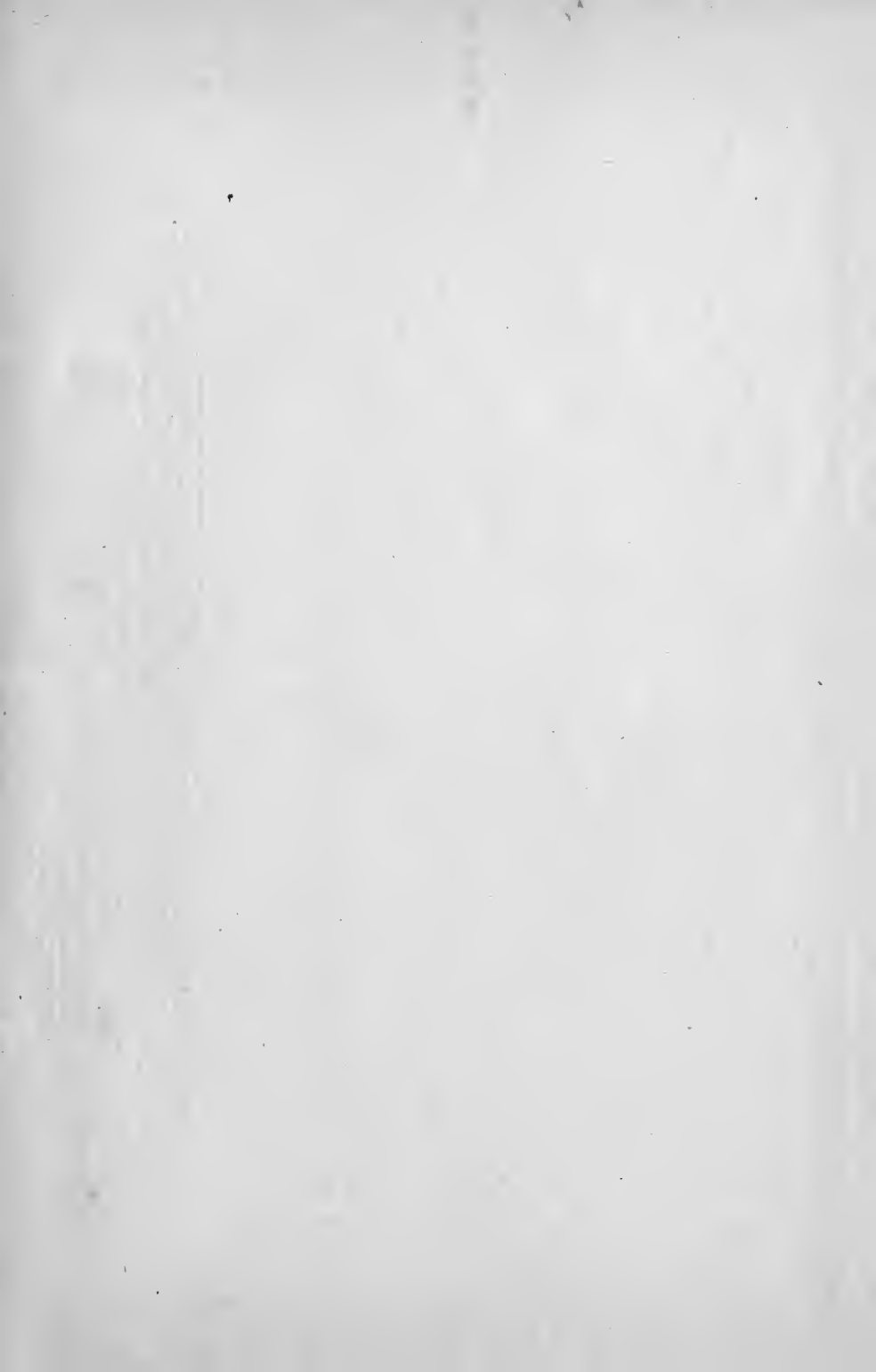
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